Police Come Looking

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by chaoswashere_X

Summary

America the Great has been shit for Aiden ever since he was born there. Being raised by a military dad with a substance abuse problem brought on a plethora of problems, but it wasn't until earlier this year that he got in deep shit. Aiden had assaulted his father, it was truly self defense, but the American justice system surely won't see it that way.

So now, at the awkward age of nineteen, Aiden is trying to rack up enough money to flee America, flee his father, and flee his charges.

Still too broke to afford the costs of fleeing a country and starting ground up in another, he works while avoiding the law. He sells his body and prays no one gets the cops involved in his illegal prostitution.

Basically, Aiden is a prostitute and Duncan hires him for the night. After learning his story, Duncan finds he just can't leave Aiden alone to fend for himself.

Kinktober Day 27: Prostitution

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

America the Great has been kind to Duncan ever since he decided to immigrate from Germany at a young age. He found a good paying job, and Duncan's damn good at it. He joined the assassin's business as a young man, and even if it's dangerous, it's worked just fine thus far.

America the Great has been shit for Aiden ever since he was born there. Being raised by a military dad with a substance abuse problem brought on a plethora of problems, but it wasn't until earlier this year that he got in deep shit. Aiden had assaulted his father, it was truly self defense, but the American justice system surely won't see it that way.

So now, at the awkward age of nineteen, Aiden is trying to rack up enough money to flee America, flee his father, and flee his charges.

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Duncan isn't above mixing business and pleasure- especially when his pleasure is another's business. Hiring prostitutes is quick and easy, and most of them are damn good at their job. He also knows how to sniff them out, rarely needing to use his resources and connections to find a pretty piece of meat to play with. But he has to admit, he's never fucked an American prostitute, and never planned to before he was assigned this job on American soil.

It's not often he gets jobs placed within America, probably because it's too risky for Damocles.

He starts with the bars, the first he comes into is barren, the next much the same. He still sits down to have a drink at both, tipping graciously for the service. The third bar he comes to is populated, and right away Duncan can tell this place might give him something— or rather, someone.

Duncan sits in an empty booth, planning to analyze the people in the bar before making any approaches. It's nearly a half hour before someone catches his eye for more than a minute. A young man with a head full of chocolate curls and ocean eyes. This one is obviously looking for sex, but Duncan can't yet tell if he's looking for cash.

It's not ten minutes later that the man gets bored with the woman he's been flirting up. Duncan had been watching, and it was obvious of the man's waning attention. He'd been glancing over to Duncan's area, and they'd made eyecontact more than once.

The brunette obviously bids the woman farewell, and he's left to stand alone for a moment near the bar. Duncan almost thinks of approaching the young man, but he'd been beaten to it.

"Waiting for someone?" The young man asks, and the small gesture of his hand tells Duncan that he's referring to the empty booth.

“No one in particular.” Duncan hints, leaning back in his seat as he watches the young man process it. He sinks down into the spot opposite Duncan.

“Do you wait for no one, often?” He asks, and Duncan can’t help but smirk. This boy talks too much. But Duncan knows the perfect way to get talkative mouths like this one to be silent. Or rather, take their words away.

When the young man gets no response out of Duncan, he sticks his right hand out over the table. “Aiden.”

Duncan looks at the hand for a moment before he takes it, uncertain if he should give this ‘Aiden’ character his real name, or a false identity.

It’s always much more satisfying when they’re crying out his real name. He makes his decision in a heartbeat.

“Duncan.” He gruffs out, giving a firm squeeze of his hand as they shake. Aiden smiles and shows no hurry in releasing their hands.

“Do you not drink?” Aiden asks, obviously observing that in all the time that Duncan has been here, he hasn’t had a single one.

“I have better whiskey back at my hotel.” Duncan explains. He leaves out the fact that he’s already had multiple drinks at multiple bars. “But I could buy you a drink, if you’d like.”

Aiden laughs, a beautiful thing in Duncan’s one good ear. He’d shattered the other eardrum during what he likes to call a ‘work accident’ when doctors ask.

“Do I really look that old?” Aiden teases, and lets the opportunity for free, easy alcohol go. He doesn’t drink. He’s always been turned off from drinking since his dad’s an alcoholic. Just the smell brings back terrible memories, but his best clients are always found in bars. “Plus, I don’t plan to stick around here much longer.”

Duncan digs in his pocket while he nods, understanding that this man isn’t interested in getting to know his hookups. That’s perfectly acceptable.

The older man retrieves his cigarettes from his pocket, and stands to go have a smoke. It’s up to Aiden if he comes or goes, but Duncan is really hoping Aiden choses his company.

Duncan pushes open the door to exit the bar, and he’s pleased to find he has to hold it open for a young man following behind him.

Duncan leads them to the alley just beside the bar, deciding this would be the most disclosed spot for any converstation they may have. The older man pulls out two cigarettes, offering one to Aiden, who accepts with a smile. He puts it in his mouth and waits for Duncan to light it with his lighter.

Duncan nearly freezes when the flame of his lighter illuminates the young man’s face. Aiden inhales, and Duncan feels like he’s been hypnotized, because he can’t look away. His lighter

is nearly burning his thumb, but he doesn't want to take away the light that's allowing him to see the way Aiden's lips pucker as he inhales around the cigarette.

Duncan lights up his own cigarette, shaking himself out of the trance that the younger man's beautiful features had put him under. His head feels much clearer as the nicotine floods his addicted system.

"What's your rate?" Duncan asks as he exhales. Aiden doesn't look shocked at the question, but he does smirk, perhaps smug that Duncan wants his company for the night.

"Three-fifty an hour." Aiden supplies, dragging from his cigarette casually. He has to admit that he's excited for this. He approached Duncan not knowing what to expect, going off of looks alone… but Aiden has to admit he's very attracted to Duncan's cool, mysterious demeanor.

"You're not cheap, kid." Duncan smirks, knowing that if Aiden's rates are that high, that the young man must see his skills as impressive.

"What? Can't afford it?" Aiden teases, crushing his cigarette beneath his heel. He looks up at Duncan as the older man still smokes his near dead cigarette.

"Oh, I could afford your company for three lifetimes." Duncan teases back. He's not usually one to even speak of his wealth, but he has to admit that the awe-full look on Aiden's face makes him want to do it so much more often.

Aiden plucks the cigarette from between Duncan's fingers and throws it over his shoulder, not caring if the lit butt were to start a dumpster fire. All he cares about is creeping his hands up that shockingly muscular chest, and pressing his lips to the older man's.

Duncan grabs Aiden's waist, not hesitating to pull the younger man to be flush with his steel body. He goes willingly, much too engulfed in devouring Duncan's mouth to care about the fact that they're in public.

Aiden groans when Duncan grabs his ass, pulling him up onto his tippy-toes. Their kiss is sloppy, and Duncan's groping is making it very hard for Aiden to focus on making the kiss feel good for the older man.

He's panting when Duncan pulls back, full of need to be taken by the older man. He's not sure if he wants to cash or to be filled more at this point. He might be the one paying Duncan at the end of all this, because he might enjoy this more than the older man.

But he really needs this cash. He needs to get out of this fucking fucked up country. If Duncan wasn't bluffing about his wealth, then maybe Aiden might be able to use him to get out of America.

"Take me back to your hotel." Aiden nearly growls, knowing that if Duncan were to go back on this now, that he would be a very unhappy and horny camper.

Duncan releases Aiden, and gives one last kiss before grabbing his hand to guide him around the corner to where his car is parked.

He opens the passenger side door for Aiden, and the young man slides right in. Duncan rounds the car to enter the driver's seat, and he doesn't even look over to check that Aiden's put on his seat belt before he's driving the rental car towards the hotel he's staying in.

Aiden seems completely calm and collected, and Duncan is forcing himself to keep his eyes on the road. It's only a short drive, but the tension in the small space has his nerves buzzing the whole way. It doesn't help when Aiden reaches over to place his hand over Duncan's on the gear shift. The young man is just tracing over his knuckles innocently, but it somehow feels lude. Maybe he's just unreasonably into this kid.

Duncan pulls into the parking garage just beside his hotel, and since it's almost midnight, it's deserted all but for a few empty cars.

Duncan's reaching for his seatbelt when he gets a lap full of a confident, needy body. He finishes un-clicking the buckle, and his hands relocate immediately to snake under Aiden's thin t-shirt. His attire is much more appropriate for the humid American summer than Duncan's.

Aiden's body reacts in favor of the touch, his back arching to invite more. Duncan does go for more, sliding his hands down to undo the button and fly on Aiden's pants. Their breaths are short as Duncan pulls out the erect cock, it's nothing impressive, but Duncan can't help but think it's something of perfection.

He wraps one strong hand around the shaft, and reaches up for Aiden's face with the other. He steals the young man's breath with another sloppy and lust fueled kiss.

His strokes start slowly, using Aiden's seemingly endless supply of pre-come to ease the way of his fist. He uses the same technique that he does on himself, a firm squeeze at the end of each stroke.

Aiden seems to really, really like this technique, if the whines coming from his occupied mouth, and the stuttering thrusts of his hips are anything to go by. He picks up his pace when one particularly high cry hints Duncan that Aiden needs just a little more.

Aiden is practically fucking into Duncan's fist, and they aren't even kissing anymore, it's just the younger male panting against Duncan's kiss swolen lips.

"Fuck, Duncan." Aiden swears, a long groan following as he throws his head back. He holds onto Duncan's knees for support as he angles his body to give more room to thrust into Duncan's tight fist. "I'm almost there.."

Duncan stops moving his fist, allowing Aiden to use him to chase after the finish. Duncan can guess that this kid has some experience with fucking, because he is damn consistent with his thrusts and his speed. It's only another minute before the thrusts become sporadic, and Aiden's moans combine both panting and hollering.

Duncan is a quick thinker, so just as Aiden is about to blow his load, he uses his single free hand to stop his trusts. And once the boy is still, he is able to swallow Aiden's cock whole.

With a crying call, Aiden spills down Duncan's throat, encouraged by the older man's talented tongue. Duncan practically sucks the man dry, and Aiden is the one to have to pull him off.

He takes Duncan's swollen lips into his, and he doesn't even think to wince at the taste of his own semen on the older man's tongue. While the older man is distracted exploring the young man's mouth, Aiden reaches for the belt preventing him from taking off Duncan's pants.

Duncan grabs Aiden's wrist, preventing him from continuing, but not pulling him off. "Please.. I want you to fuck me."

"Be patient." Duncan reminds him, and does the duty of tucking Aiden back into his pants. He even does the fly up again. "I don't have any lube in here."

"I'm already prepped." Aiden protests, grinding his hips back so Duncan can feel the flared base of his plug sticking out. Duncan really is tempted to just fuck him in this car, in this dumb, stuffy parking garage.

"I want to take you properly, in my bed." Duncan explains, opening his car door before taking Aiden's hand to support him as the young man climbs out of his lap and out of the car.

Aiden almost thinks to argue that it's not even Duncan's bed… since they're going to a hotel, so he should just fuck him here. But if it's what his client wants, then it's what he'll do.

Duncan leads the way out of the parking garage, and Aiden follows the short distance to the hotel lobby. And it's a nice fucking hotel lobby.

They continue their journey all the way up to the seventh floor where Duncan is staying for this job. Aiden barely lets Duncan get in the room before he's clawing at his clothes.

First, Duncan's sweater. It comes off easy once Duncan helps the desperate boy by tugging it off from the back. Aiden's eyes widen when his eyes fall on the plane of Duncan's hairy chest.

He's never seen anything like this, and Aiden is almost scared to ask about it. He doesn't ask, and tries to recover from his obvious hesitation by dropping to his knees.

Duncan allows Aiden to take off his belt this time, and he steps out of his jeans while the younger man strips his own shirt to not get it dirty. Aiden takes Duncan into his mouth, trying his best not to choke on the impressive length.

It's not uncommon that he ends up on his knees with cock down his throat, because he tends to attract a lot of men who want to throat fuck a pretty, young twink. But Duncan is much, much larger than his normal, tiny dicked clients.

He's almost intimidated to take him all the way down, and Duncan seems more set on actually fucking him then just having him orally. So, Aiden only sucks for a few minutes, just

until Duncan is groaning, no further.

Aiden stands when Duncan reaches that point, and shucks off his trousers and boxers before climbing onto the bed. He faces away from Duncan on all fours, his silver cross necklace that was before hidden under his shirt now hanging between his arms.

This pose exposes his plug to Duncan, and the older man can't seem to pry his eyes away from the metallic base even as he moves to retrieve some lube and a few condoms from his bag.

He climbs onto the bed, coming up behind Aiden with a gentle touch to his hip. He unwraps the condom as Aiden makes himself comfortable, dropping down to his elbows to rest his head against Duncan's fluffy pillows. He feels like he's getting special treatment when his right ass cheek gets a firm squeeze and a deep rub. It almost feels like a massage, and Aiden would definitely be purring if he had the ability to.

He nearly jerks forward when he feels Duncan's tongue wiggling past the solid base to fight for some room inside of Aiden's hole. Duncan's ready now with the condom on, and he's more erect than before after Aiden's little blowjob.

He pushes on the base of the plug once his tongue is out of the way, and the young man nearly yips as the heavy metal rams into his prostate. Duncan's mouth doesn't go far, sticking around to pamper Aiden's thighs with bites and kisses as he slowly eases the plug out.

Aiden feels so utterly empty once the plug is out, since he's been full for several hours now while looking for someone to spend his night with. He doesn't need to wait long, because even if he doesn't show it outwardly, Duncan is just as desperate to fuck Aiden as Aiden is to be fucked by Duncan. Duncan slides in slick fingers into Aiden's hole, double checking that when he enters, that the younger man won't experience any overwhelming pain.

He can fit three fingers in no problem, so he's nearly certain that Aiden will be comfortable, even if he's not necessarily gentle with him. And with how Duncan's control is quickly being torn away from him, he's not sure being gentle is even a reasonable option anymore.

Duncan's latex covered tip lines up with Aiden's hole, and the older man can practically feel how Aiden is holding his breath. Duncan thinks he might too be holding his breath, because when he pushes in, he lets out a heavy shuddering breath of relief. Aiden feels so fucking warm, so fucking perfect and tight.

Duncan is slow when he pulls out, leaning back so he can get a good view of Aiden's hole stretching around him. He can tell this is a lot for the younger man, so he tries his best to hold back with the first few thrusts. Aiden's little moans when Duncan pushes in each time really makes the older man feel like this is the only thing that is important in life. Making Aiden feel good is his new life goal. At least, for a temporary time. Aiden's only a prostitute, Duncan can't keep him.

The thought doesn't really make the older man sad, if anything, it just forces him to enjoy the moment. Duncan shifts himself so he can grab both of Aiden's hips, using them as a handle as he pulls the younger man back to meet his slow, rough thrusts. He's still trying his best to

let Aiden adjust, but he can tell the younger man is getting impatient. Now, Duncan just wants to see how long it'll take for the young man to snap.

"Fuck me like you mean it." Aiden growls, glancing back to stare right into Duncan's eyes. He can see frustration, but above all, he can see hungry lust.

That didn't take long. Not long at all. Duncan is half tempted to teach this boy some patience. Maybe next time.

Duncan squeezes onto Aiden's hips, almost telling the boy to get ready to brace himself. Aiden is not a tiny man, but he is definitely not Duncan sized. A man Duncan's size can certainly drive him through the wall with just his hips.

The older man starts to speed up, and Aiden instantly feels much better. Duncan is not so gradual with his acceleration once Aiden starts moaning again. His hips are rapid and brutal against the poor man's body, but Duncan knows just how to angle them so he hits Aiden's prostate with nearly every thrust. He's already milked one orgasm from Aiden tonight, and he plans to take at least two more if the man can handle it.

Aiden buries his face in the pillows again when the lude slapping sounds start. His jaw is dropped open, and little gasps of pleasure are near constant as Duncan pounds into his ass. He's so glad he picked this one. Cause this one knows how to fuck, Jesus Christ.

Duncan is sure to bruise Aiden's slim hips with his tight grip, but it's about the only thing he can do to keep the man upright. Once Aiden's moans turn to desperate swears and calls to God, Duncan knows he's close. He feels close, but he really wants to try one more thing before he blows his load and risks a long refractory period. So, he wills himself not to come as he keeps his pace and angle consistent.

"God, Duncan." Aiden calls, his head tucked between his shoulders so he can watch Duncan move behind him, and can put a visual to the speed of which his ass is being destroyed. "I'm so close, don- don't fucking stop."

Duncan never planned to, and actually reaches around to the front of Aiden's body to stroke his cock, just a few long pulls and he can feel the wetness shooting out of Aiden's tip. The younger man switches between crying out moaning and holding his breath as he orgasms for a second time.

Duncan smirks as he watches, stopping his thrusts in fear of cumming, but he considers pulling out altogether when Aiden's pulsing walls start to tease him towards the finish. He manages to hold off—miraculously. At least long enough for Aiden to catch his breath and look back with both tears, and confusion in his eyes.

"You didn't cum?" Aiden's mouth is dry from moaning and yelling, and his voice is even a little horse. Duncan pulls out, and Aiden gets to see that his suspicions were correct. He doesn't want Aiden to think it was his fault, so he explains right away.

"I want you to ride me. I couldn't cum and risk you leaving before I got it up again." Duncan moves to lay against the other pillow right beside Aiden, his dick still erect and laying against

his stomach. Aiden smirks, and with as much grace as he can through his post-orgasmic haze, climbs over Duncan so he can straddle him.

Aiden reaches behind himself to grab Duncan's cock, still slick from just being inside his wet hole. He sinks down onto the older man's dick, the feeling of it familiar by now, but his walls are protesting in oversensitivity.

"You're already ready to go?" Duncan is just as shocked as he is impressed. Aiden's not even erect yet, and he's eager to hop on Duncan's dick. "Oh, how I miss being young." Duncan chuckles, but he groans right after when Aiden's over sensitive walls squeeze around him.

Aiden whines when he starts bouncing, his body truly not ready to take more dick, but his mind is telling him that he has to make Duncan cum before they can rest. Duncan gets just as much arousal out of this from watching Aiden bounce on his dick, as he does from the stimulation the action causes.

Aiden is panting after just a minute, and Duncan almost feels bad for the boy, but when he realizes Aiden's cock is trying to get hard again, he smirks. He takes the barely hard dick into one of his hands and uses it to help encourage blood to rush back down. He uses his free hand to just barely hold onto the younger man's hip, feeling them roll in his hand.

It doesn't take much and Aiden is hard and leaking again. Just watching that is a turn on to Duncan, because it truly shows just how much Aiden has been enjoying their time together. He's moaning, even gasping as he rides Duncan at a steady pace. Where his hands started tangled in his chest hair, they're now braced against Duncan's thighs as he slams himself down.

Duncan watches in awe, stroking Aiden's erect dick as the man works his magic hips. The older man doesn't peel his eyes away as he reaches over for his pack of cigarettes and his lighter. It's easy to get one out of the pack, the muscle memory there from all the years of addiction.

Aiden's so sensitive that he's crying now, and Duncan lets go of his dick to light his cigarette. Aiden takes a pause, waiting for Duncan to light his smoke. He really needs this break, because not only are his thighs burning, but his walls are now constantly tense due to their sensitivity. The lack of motion allows them to relax.

He starts up again once Duncan's inhaling on his cigarette, his hips taking deeper rolls as he becomes more confident. Aiden has a new goal: make Duncan come before he can finish his cigarette. With one hand, Duncan holds his smoke, with the other, he holds onto Aiden's dick just like how he had in the car, occasionally stroking it.

Aiden keeps his hips rolling as Duncan continues smoking, picking up his pace somewhere along the way to make his motions shorter and quicker. Duncan seems to have neglected his cigarette, and his hips keep bucking to meet Aiden's. He's so ready for this. He can't wait to see what kind of face this old man makes when he's in total bliss.

Duncan is very close, and he can tell Aiden is close too. But he seems more interested in making Duncan come than chasing his own release. Just like how Duncan was earlier, so he

can’t blame the young man.

With one last pull to his cigarette, Duncan’s orgasm is ripped from him. He nearly chokes on the smoke as he forgets how to breathe for a moment, his pleasure above any he’s ever experienced. Adien comes just watching Duncan come, all across his hairy and scarred chest. They’re both in total bliss, and Duncan can’t help but pull Aiden down for a kiss as the young man catches his breath after.

Duncan is softening quickly, so he grabs the base of the condom, and waits for Aiden to pull himself off and lay on the bed. He ties the condom off, and grabs some Kleenex from the nightstand to wipe off his chest. He’ll have to worry about calling the hotel staff for new sheets later.

Aiden snuggles into Duncan’s side, utterly pooped after three orgasms. He feels like he might fall asleep, and he can’t have any gauge of time other than Duncan finishing his cigarette, because he’s drifting between half-sleep, and consciousness.

“Why’d you become a prostitute?” Duncan asks. He has no idea where it came from, but he has a gut feeling that this kid isn’t just a normal prostitute. This pulls Aiden out of his dreamy state, and he pulls himself up to make eye contact.

“If I told you, I’d have to kill you.” Aiden teases, slinging a leg over Duncan’s on the bed. He doesn’t normally stick around with his clients, but he feels too exhausted and blissed-out to go anywhere. “Why are you covered in battle scars?”

Duncan smirks, parroting back Aiden’s words. “If I told you, I’d have to kill you.” The younger man runs his finger to dip into one of the healed bullet scars, this makes Duncan shiver just slightly.

“You must be some kind of gangster.” Aiden teases, running a flat palm over Duncan’s torso to feel his soft, relaxed muscles. It’s nearly a whole minute later until the young man builds the courage to speak, and in that time he weighs the pros and cons of even opening his mouth. “I started selling my body once I realized I needed quick cash in order to flee America.”

“Why?” Duncan asks, closing his eyes as he enjoys the feeling of a warm body in his arms.

“My dad and I got into a fight shortly after I turned nineteen. I left him pretty beat and bruised, almost killed the fucker, honestly. They’ll see it as assault, not self defense.” Aiden recalls the story, “So I’m trying to stash up enough cash to leave America, to avoid the charges I’m sure I’m facing.”

Duncan hummed, “How much more do you need?”

“It doesn’t matter. It’ll be a few months before I have enough saved. I was thinking of moving to Bucharest, at least there I’ll be able to pursue my art career.”

“You’re an artist?” Duncan asks, trying to keep his surprise out of his voice. He always tries to never assume anything, but it’s hard sometimes.

“I’m making the outline of my first graphic novel now. I hope I can start on the illustrations once I’m safe in Bucharest.”

“I’ll look for your name on the shelves.” Duncan promised, bringing his hand up to pet through chocolate curls. “I’m in Europe often for my job, Bucharest is definitely among one of my frequently visited.”

“What are you suggesting?” Aiden asked, though he knew exactly what Duncan was hinting at. He just really wants to hear it from that pretty mouth.

“I want to see you again.” Duncan gruffs, half tempted to just never let the boy go. He could provide for him, he could take care of Aiden’s every worry.

“I don’t do regular clients.” Aiden explains, “But I’ll leave you with my phone number once you pay me, how about that? Give me a call whenever you’re in Bucharest.”

“We’ve got to get you there first.” Duncan smirks, tracing down Aiden’s spine to make the boy shiver. After a moment of neither of them even so much moving, the tension so thick in the air, Duncan speaks.

“I can get you there.”

Aiden lifts his head, meeting Duncan’s eyes. He furrows his eyebrows as he realizes the older man is entirely serious, and very genuine. “You’d do that?”

“You’d have to work for it. But, after, of course. Getting you to safety is number one priority, then you can work on paying me back.” Duncan explains, and Aiden feels both a wave of anxiety and a wave of relief at once. It throws his system, his body for a ride.

“I don’t want to be your kept boy.” Aiden snaps, feeling like agreeing to this deal would result in Duncan controlling everything and anything he does.

“I don’t want a kept boy.” Duncan counters, reaching for his smokes again. He lights one, giving himself time to think about how he wants to explain this. He inhales, then passes the cigarette to Aiden as he exhales.

“I have too much money for one man. If someone had been there for me when I immigrated to America, my life would’ve gone so much better.” Duncan shares, his vulnerability out on the table for Aiden to see. “I just want to be that helping hand for you, Aiden.”

“I’m a big handful.” Aiden shares in good humor.

“I’ve got big hands.” Duncan takes back the cigarette now that Aiden has taken a few puffs. He inhales again as he thinks of what to say. Conversation isn’t easy for him, but with Aiden, he thinks it’s going pretty smoothly.

“Alright. I’ll let you pay the rest of what I haven’t earned yet. But I plan to pay off my debt one way or another.” Aiden teases, he likes to think that he’s ‘letting’ Duncan do this for him.

Duncan smiles as he exhales, happy that Aiden has agreed to his help. And he has to admit that he's excited to hear of the ways that Aiden might make up this debt he's now in.

But Duncan doesn't really think of it that way. He doesn't expect payment back of any kind, but if it will make Aiden feel more like he's earned it, then he'll indulge him.

As long as the police don't come looking.

End Notes

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